

strain under which Mrs. Hall has been laboring.

Her examination yesterday was not held with the hope of eliciting anything new, but that the prosecutors might check up her statements now with her previous statements. Before the last examination the prosecutors had obtained important new evidence through the efforts of Schneider and Hines and this evidence is said to have pointed strongly in one direction. It is believed some of it was used in the course of Mrs. Hall's re-examination.

The mysterious Hungarian woman with whom Mrs. Hall was confronted remains mysterious. It was said at the courthouse that she is the wife of Michael Sultia, a Hungarian who keeps a cow on the Phillips farm and whose kitchen knives were taken away from him some time back. Sultia, denied to-day that his wife had been at the courthouse and other information is that the mysterious woman actually lives much further away from the farm than does Sultia.

Henry Stevens' alibi seems to be perfect. It was ascertained to-day. At Lavallette, where a trip was made to check it up, it was learned that there is no speedometer on Stevens' Ford car, so that the stories regarding the way in which it registered could not be true. He was out fishing with Albert Applegate on the night of September 14 and was seen also early the next morning. Lavallette is forty-five miles from here.

Mrs. Addison Clarke, also referred to as Minna Clarke and regarded as Mrs. Mills' best friend, brought herself into the collage of the case by writing to the local newspapers as follows:

"An article appeared in your paper on October 17th, in which you stated that I was a member of the church choir at the Church of St. John the Evangelist. This is not true. Also the statements made by Rev. Mr. Hall about a cake and pie are untrue.

"As for my going to the church on Saturday afternoon with a relative of Mrs. Hall's, I am sorry to say that this is true. The package contained Rev. Mr. Hall's burial vestments, and was taken to Undertaker Hubbard's office and not to Mrs. Hall's.

"Hoping this will put the public right. "MRS. ADDISON CLARKE."

The town is looking forward to the arrival here of Gov. Edwards to-morrow. The Governor will be met by a large crowd of people. It is anticipated the townspeople will ask him some questions relative to the murder and the way in which the investigation has been mishandled.

More of the letters written by Mrs. Mills to Hall were made public to-day as was expected. They breathe much of the same fervent feeling that Hall showed in his writings, but Mrs. Mills was not so ejaculatory in her style. It is clear that they were written from a distance and that she had reached Hall, and that she disclosed any startling clues to the murderer such as might have been expected in view of the reluctance of Beekman and Stricker to make them public.

Letters Tell of Her Love.

Some of the letters follow. "Dearest, dearest boy. Wasn't I happy to find a few words from you. I didn't expect you would risk leaving one for me yesterday. Such delicious ecstasies.

"And the book is more interesting than the one you gave me. After I read it, we will talk about it. My darling, how well you seem to-day. I must have caught cold, but I don't know when and I am tired to-day—want to lie with you and rest for hours.

"And Honey, you put the dear picture in my hymnal. Oh, you sweet, adorable baby! Of course I used my hymnal for the organ and I wonder if she saw them, also I don't care one bit. She provokes me to do things I don't want to do. I am still here 'I'll put them in the kitchen. Not that I am jealous of Minnie; why, darling, there isn't anything to be jealous of. But I hate her to do for you what I do. First, she couldn't wear I put flowers on your desk—she surmises it was I. Oh, well, poor Minnie. She is easily content with your love. I am sure you seemed rested and happy. We didn't have a minute alone, but it will appear so at times.

"Dearest, I am not dreaming to-day. As I look out of the window I form no thoughts in my mind—just a drifting on, starting at nothing in particular, and I always do that when I am tired. The note I left yesterday was crumpled, but I had to hide it in my small orange purse as I felt him. And excuse my haste in writing sometimes, as I cannot be alone always. How glad I am school resumes sessions to-morrow and I can be alone to write. I could never belong to a club or go where there is incessant laughter and conversation. I need my dream times, my hours alone, and other people irritate and disturb me.

"All Life Is a Hunger."

There isn't much of interest in the paper to-day. One line in an article says "all life is a hunger," and how true that is. A hunger for what we satisfy, but what a variety of tastes in people. And because you and I hunger for the same things is the reason for our coming to be together as much as possible.

My love is deep, calm, quiet to-day. I am in a mood to listen to music. Yesterday I was talking to Mrs. Burns. Couldn't pass and not listen as she was ready for conversation. She was saying some one next to Hopkins was married yesterday and that was quite a surprise. Mrs. Burns live in a different world than some people. Mrs. Burns is too ignorant to understand that of course and my, I wish you had heard what she said. I am sure you would have been able to tell me. But I let her rave. I hate to talk to the Burnses and never do if I can avoid it but at times I must be polite even if it is to listen to Mrs. B. used. And honey mine—'it's true' I live in a different world. To-day I am not wide awake. I am not sad—but quiet. Yesterday I was rollicking—oh, I love those moods, they mean intense life-fire.

Of course, dear, the people who live next to Hopkins really meant that they have different aims, a conversation, education, intellect than some people, but Burns can't understand that. What are the Burnses? Ignorance that screeches, the very air is tainted with their warped mind.

Oh, darling, if I had an income of my own, I would be very selfish. I guess, I'd build a waiting levee where I could dream unmolested and care not if I ever saw people to talk to. Books and music, pictures, oh, what treasures I would have. The birds, butterflies, wild squirrels and all I could see in the woods and fields and sky is my dream. People would mean nothing. I'd rather watch the bugs and ants as they crawl along—don't you love to watch a fly creep along? Honey, there isn't a house large enough for me. My dreams are as big as the earth. I need the great outdoors to breathe—live in. Nature as God created it. I want it—feel a part of it and I am part of it—it calls me just as I yearn for the truest things. And darling mine—that is why I must get away from you for the truest—ideal—as pure as we can make it—for then it is true to nature and things of God's creating.

But this love nest, you know, dearie, if so, see if it is advertised in the Last and Found columns of to-day's New York Herald.

## Questioned in Murder



Henry Stevens, brother of Mrs. Edwards, Hall, widow of rector victim in Hall-Mills case.

is dreadfully lonesome with just me there. Did he say we needed jewels, except a mate. After that he knew we would find other things that he created for our comfort and pleasure.

What a joy to read the Bible, how it tells of God creating all these wonders for us. Darling, I could rave for hours—but I must stop as there are people around. I only know this, dear, that as God the Creator is real, true, nature is real, true, so our love is the most vital power, the truest joy that can be known in this life and hereafter. Please don't laugh at this. I know I'm a crazy cat, but I can't be different.

Charlotte talks—then Don asks questions, then he annoys, so how can I write?

Reference to Easton avenue, which leads to Phillips farm, where the bodies of Dr. Hall and Mrs. Mills were found more than a month ago, is made in this letter:

"Darling Mine, didn't you feel me poking—blissfully contented. And you, too, you. Was my goodby to the others too hasty and should I have said more? What a truly unexpected pleasure it was, dear, to hear from you. Oh, how good you are. As I rode alone I thought, this is where I find my greatest joy to be near my man; what a joy to be near you, what a joy to be near you, what a joy to be near you. I didn't dare look at my noble boy's face, this is all I ask.

"I thought, Easton avenue road seems to us and dear, dearest boy every time you take your hat off I never fail to notice and can read your face. Monday too. And it is a new message of love every time you do, and my heart sings for joy, yes, and I could fling my arms about you and pour kisses on my babykin's head and face.

Grandma is here. I must stop. Sweetheart, my true heart, I could crush you, oh, I am wild to-night, so happy I could dance wildly.

Describes Her Moods.

A letter, describing Mrs. Mills' moods when she was away from the rector's home, follows:

"I don't know why I feel this way to-day—it will pass, as you know. God, I know, oh, I know that as much as I know you are my true love. He is watching and caring and we are never alone. He is always near—in whatever we do, even in physical closeness. He is near, for we understand his children to taste deeply of all things.

"Was Pam religious? Did she feel God? Yes, I think so, but she hadn't found her soul, nor did Chris. Chris wasn't Cecil's mate, no more than Hugh. The Chris she thought he was, he was her true mate.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life—and if he knew that, then there would be no Pamela for him but a prayerful life—a desire to be like his always, forever beloved Cecil.

"Ask me any part of the book and I will remember it. Pam's mother was English (page 49).

"I have much to-day I ought to do, but I can't to-day. I must wait until this mood passes and I come down to earth again. Do I love you too much? I know that now I could leave, yes, even your physical presence, and go into a convent. You are always in my mind and heart, but there I wouldn't see any one else touch you, call you 'dear,' rub your tired body, sew your torn trousers.

"Oh, darling, I don't ever want to call you 'dear' or 'honey' again if any one else can. Aren't you glad no one but you can call me dear names? One time I told you I hate your work, I hated your parish, I guess it is because I am jealous of it because it must always come first in your life. Not because of convention—but because you love it so. When the man at the gate at Manhattan Beach called you 'doctor' and I, without looking at you (I'm a witch), I knew it thrilled you, the kind of a thrill that brings tears of joy to your eyes. Oh, I know it is because you are a true priest—born for it. And because that is your supreme joy and satisfaction I am merely your physical inspiration and you see in me what you teach, your priest.

Duty to Forget Self.

"I don't want to stay for service. I have to go. I am sure as you were asked to and kept my word. But it seems as though I am unworthy to do other things I was asked. Of course it has hurt me. Perhaps again I don't understand—you have had time to do them. Well, it doesn't matter one bit what comes. I had a simple greeting, but did not leave it. I cannot stay to such a service when my heart is so bitter. But since it is a duty of the church, I think the truest way is to forget all about yourself and do what the church bids, forgetting everything, but that you are the priest.

Another letter reads:

"Dearest, darling boy, I love you most when you love me. As you do, day—not so much physically, but prayerfully—exalted, and you see, darling, the physical fits in and does not dominate it—was there just the kind of a love that I needed. Dearest, believe me, won't you. Never will I say you want my body rather than me—what I really am. I know that if you love me you will long to ache for my body. Have I ever tempted you dear? Have I ever made you want me? I never want to.

"Dearest, there isn't a man who can even match me in love. As you said to-day, our hearts are true as steel. I'm not pretty, I know there are girls with shapely bodies, but I'm not caring what they have. I have the greatest of all blessings—a noble man's deep, true, eternal love, and my heart is his—my life is his—al I have is his—poor as my body is—scarcely my skin but his—but I am his forever.

"Honey, I feel awfully lonesome for you to-night. I want to talk to you, I feel so full of thoughts. Why do I cry so? Oh, it pains me to cry. I will have to be up early about six to pack lunch.

One of the letters from Mrs. Mills to the rector indicates that they were fearful some one would discover their love affair. It reads:

"My dear, dear boy—When I said I would leave a note I forgot—that it may not be wise, but I may take a

chance, for I cannot have you disappear even tho' it isn't much.

"Dearie, what a gay, happy girl I am to-day—and yesterday, too. I love your dear note of last night, and went to sleep happy after reading it. Of all people I know, no one understands me but you, but of course I have never seen you and I never get discouraged or disappointed if I am not blest with material things. I have the greatest gift and blessing and I don't need anything else. I am holding my sweet babykin's face in my hands and looking deep into his heart and read there the message that makes me live, gives me strength and life. Oh, honey, I am happy to-day. Every day I am happy to-day. Every day I saw my babykin's body and kissed every bit of you.

"It is 3:30 and he hasn't returned. I may wait until he comes back and then I can be sure you will get this. Good night my true heart. I never buy such goodies as you do for me, but if you go on a picnic I will make whatever you like to eat, so tell me what to make.

"Words—notes are useless. But I worship you, my darling. I love you, yes, more than ever I need you.

Contradictory Developments.

Two wholly contradictory developments marked the case to-day. One was the flat assertion of Prosecutor Beekman that, based on the analysis of the earth taken from beneath the bodies, he believed the crime was actually committed where the bodies were found, and that the bodies were moved there by two men, indicating that the killing was done miles away and the bodies taken to the Phillips farm in an automobile.

Neither statement is convincing for the reason that minor flaws can easily be picked in Beekman's conclusion, while the wild story of the two men can be punctured in half a dozen places. The importance of the Beekman statement lies in the indication that Beekman now believes the crime took place in his own county and not in the territory in which his colleague, Joseph E. Stricker, has jurisdiction as Prosecutor. This admission is evidence that Beekman believes he has the case in such shape that he can bring it to a conclusion almost as soon as he cares to.

Two square feet of earth were dug up from the spot where the bodies were found, but not until many days had elapsed. The mass weighed 154 pounds, including four pounds of stones and two pounds of grass and grass roots, the rest being soil. Separate experiments were made by Joseph E. Stricker, who found that "the fact that only zero point zero eight of a pint of blood was found in the soil upon which the bodies of Dr. Hall and Mrs. Mills were found is very good evidence that Mrs. Mills was shot before her throat was cut—nor is it likely that we would have found the soil if the bodies had been transported to the spot after the murder."

In making public this much of the report, Beekman said that he had not yet decided upon the theory that the couple were murdered elsewhere than under the apple tree.

No allowance is made in the report or in Beekman's statement for the possibility that the distance from the place of the murder to the apple tree might have been slight. Nor is the possibility that Mrs. Mills' throat might have been cut before death at some other place taken into consideration.

In the latter case the amount of blood might well be the same as in case of the throat cutting being done on the spot after death.

Tell of Women's Screams.

The two affidavits referred to are now in the hands of the authorities, and it is thought they will throw light on the case. The affidavits contain the statements of the two women who were with the bodies when they were found.

On the night of Thursday, September 14, they were driving from Red Bank to New Brunswick, one of them having a late appointment in the neighborhood of Bucluech Park, which is on Easton avenue, not far from the Phillips farm. They were still four miles from this town on the road toward South River and Red Bank, they say that as they rapidly passed a shed near the roadside a woman screamed something to the effect, "Oh, don't murder me; don't kill me!" The men did not stop, but hurried on and drove into and through New Brunswick. They passed the shed at 12:30 at night. Forty minutes later they saw an automobile in which a man and a woman were visible drive past Bucluech Park and up Dennessy Lane. They could not distinguish faces, but the woman wore a gray coat. The lights on the car were burning. Twenty minutes after that the same car, with the same two people visible, drove back toward town, this time with the lights out.

The shed referred to was understood to be at or near a place called Watson Mills, which is four miles away. There are several places along the road that might have answered the description given. The trouble with the story is that the murder party with the bodies would have had to drive right through the center of town to get to the Phillips farm with their burden unless they took a circuitous route.

Another and more important feature is that for the murder to have been committed in the locality indicated Hall and Mrs. Mills in some way would have had to cross back through town from Bucluech Park to the Phillips farm, which was out toward the Phillips farm. The possibility of kidnapping and of sending for Hall to answer a call for aid remains, but the story is not taken seriously, especially as the two men have taken their own time about coming forward.

SENDS CHILDREN AWAY AND LEAPS TO DEATH

## Harlem Woman Suffered From Illness.

Putting her two younger children to bed and sending her eldest son to a store, Mrs. Mary Duggan, 52, last night went to the roof of the apartment building where she lived, 424 West 125th street, and jumped five stories to the rear yard. Dr. Remington of Knickerbocker Hospital said she was killed instantly. Her husband, Thomas P. Duggan, an employee of the Water Department, was at work when notified of the tragedy.

Recent illness was the only reason suggested by relatives as the cause of her suicide.

WITNESS AGAINST THREE ROBBERS SHOT IN STORE

Samuel Fishinowitz, 42, a druggist at 142 Palisades avenue, Yonkers, was in his store last night when a young man, whom he said he never had seen before, walked in and shot him in the abdomen. He was taken to St. John's hospital in a serious condition.

Fishinowitz was a witness last January at the trial of three men convicted of highway robbery and sent to Sing Sing.

## ADRIANOPLE'S CITY OF EMPTY STREETS

Not a Greek or Armenian Left in the Interior of Thrace.

REFUGEES FILL ROADS

Ride in Ox Carts, on Horses and Mules or Stagger Along Afoot.

MISERY IN SMALL PORTS

At Rodosto 15,000 Refugees Have Waited for Days, Sleeping on Quays.

Special Cable to THE NEW YORK HERALD, Copyright, 1922, by THE NEW YORK HERALD.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Oct. 18.—Adrianople is a deserted city. The French marched in to-day through empty streets between shuttered houses. There is practically no Greek or Armenian inhabitant left in the interior of Eastern Thrace. In spite of the efforts made by allied authorities to allay their fears and prevent precipitate migration, they have fled.

All the roads leading out of this land of desolation are full of long columns of refugees riding in ox carts, on horses and mules or staggering along afoot through the deep mire caused by twenty-four hours of heavy rain. Women with babies trudge twenty miles a day or more. Many of the villagers are driving their cows or flocks of sheep before them.

It is estimated that 350,000 men, women and children are slowly tramping westward over the congested roads; the population of an entire countryside on one of the saddest pilgrimages in history.

Desperately they are struggling along with as much of their precious household goods as they can load into carts or carry on their backs; but their homes they must leave behind. Hapless victims of political intrigues far passing their simple comprehension, they accept the inevitable with the passive resignation of the Eastern races—not knowing where their melancholy pilgrimage will end, whether in Western Thrace or on some barren island of the Aegean Sea.

The few railway lines are blocked for endless trains crowded with refugees. Every station is transformed into a camping place for thousands. Fortunately, though the sky is already overcast, the rainy season is not yet in. There is reason to hope that evacuation may be completed before the first heavy rains turn the desert, waterless land into a swamp. The danger of epidemics breaking out among the destitute multitude naturally is very great. Even the districts they are going to are stricken with disease and sickness; and it is believed that plague has been reported in Salonica.

Misery Great in Ports.

It is in the little harbor towns on the Sea of Marmora, at Rodosto and Silivri, that the misery is greatest. All of the inhabitants of the southern villages are being embarked on Greek ships. There are Greek ships at Rodosto, but they have come to save not human lives but military stores and ammunition, and are engaged in the looting of the warehouses on the wharves.

For days and nights the weary multitude—there are 15,000 refugees at Rodosto alone—has watched, eaten and slept huddled together, the ships that the night air already is keen, rain has fallen and food, and above all, the water supply, is limited.

Col. Lowe of the Near East Relief is doing all in his power to help. A battalion of Gordon Highlanders has arrived to preserve order. The greatest fear of the refugees is that they may be separated from their families and friends. One village chartered a steamship to convey all the Greek inhabitants and their movable property so that they would not be scattered in the exodus.

Sanitary conditions among the refugees so far are satisfactory, but there is great danger of epidemics if the situation is prolonged. The best in Thrace has been excellent, but the pain-stricken villagers have left their grain behind them in the barns. While the refugees are almost starving on the wind swept quays of Rodosto sacks of wheat are selling in the deserted streets for forty pence—about 25 cents—and scarcely a buyer can be found.

Victims Want Their Fruits.

The victims' want their part are impatient to take possession. Refet Pasha, upon whom Mustafa Kemal has conferred the title "Extraordinary Military Governor of Thrace," has left Angora; and the new Van of Angora, Chirak Bey, has set out for Tchatalja to re-establish Turkish civilian authorities in the districts occupied by allied troops.

Thus once again in the course of history the land of Thrace, ruined by centuries of campaigns and invasions almost beyond hope of recognition, is changing hands, bringing endless misery upon its inhabitants, and the appreciation of profit by its conquerors.

Special Cable to THE NEW YORK HERALD, Copyright, 1922, by THE NEW YORK HERALD.

ANGORA, Oct. 17.—All Christians, excepting men of military age, have been ordered out of Adalia, Makri and the entire region of southern Anatolia within seven days. This will result in a new exodus of perhaps 50,000. Through-out Nationalist territory the principle of "Turkey for Turks only" will be strictly enforced. Refugees gathering here have appealed to Admiral Bristol for transportation to Greece.

Adalia is one of the most interesting ancient Greek towns in Asia Minor. The Greeks occupy the southern part of the little seaport settlement, and they are noteworthy for preserving many of the quaint customs of the days when Paul and Barnabas preached there, and converted the Hellenic population. The Greek women of Adalia are renowned for their classic beauty and their peculiar habit of reddening the hair, which is worn in picturesque pigtails under the tiny round purple bonnets. The port is important to America because large quantities of licorice are exported for use in manufacturing plug tobacco.

BOY'S SUICIDE UNEXPLAINED.

The body of a 15-year-old boy, identified as Frank Nicolletta, 150 West street, was found yesterday hanging from the banister of a loft building at 190 West street. According to the police, he committed suicide.

A card was found, on which was written: "Good-by all. Frank Nicolletta." The boy's father identified his body, but could not explain his act.

## Vorarlbergers Would Form World's Tiniest Republic

Special Cable to THE NEW YORK HERALD, Copyright, 1922, by THE NEW YORK HERALD.

VIENNA, Oct. 18.—The inhabitants of the valley of the Little Walser, a river tributary to the Iller, are said to have the intention of establishing a little republic. They belong to the Austrian province of Vorarlberg, but as their territory is separated from the rest of Austria by the high mountains of the Arlbeg Alps, they would be included in the German customs union. They say France and England already have consented to their scheme, and that they will submit it to the League of Nations. If this new republic should materialize it would be the smallest state in Europe, counting only 1,500 inhabitants.

C. E. MITCHELL SEES FRANCE IMPROVED

New York Banker Says Paper Inflation Won't Occur.

Special Cable to THE NEW YORK HERALD, Copyright, 1922, by THE NEW YORK HERALD.

NEW YORK, Oct. 18.—Charles E. Mitchell, president of the National City Bank of New York, "came to Europe imbued with the view generally held by the American public regarding the European financial situation," he told THE NEW YORK HERALD correspondent to-day, but is returning with a different view, particularly concerning France.

"After talking with the heads of the French government, French industry, the Reparations Commission and American bankers here," he said, "I find that the inflation will never occur here, and that the best banking minds of France are devoting all their energies to balancing the budget. I've talked with French industrialists, and I find they are full of the old prewar spirit of confidence. Everything has changed for the better during the last two years."

Mr. Mitchell will visit Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Norway and Sweden, and expects to sail for New York early next month.

U. S. STEAMERS TO TAKE FOOD FOR REFUGEES

The Stuyvesant to Leave Next Week With Thousand Tons.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 18.—Two steamships will leave soon with food and clothing for refugees in the Near East. A Shipping Board steamer will proceed by direction of President Harding and the Stuyvesant will leave New York October 24 with one thousand tons of food and wearing apparel sent by the American Red Cross.

In directing the assignment of a Shipping Board vessel the President in his letter to Mr. Lusk said: "It has occurred to me that in the transport of food and clothing it might be possible to place a cargo vessel at the hands of these coordinated agencies to carry a relief cargo to the distributing center at Constantinople. Such action would be in accord with the Congressional approval of the relief and care of American refugees and would make a becoming governmental contribution to the generous work undertaken by these coordinated agencies which are giving sympathy."

ADMIRAL CHESTER SAYS HE IS STRONG PRO-TURK

Rear Admiral Colby M. Chester declared last night at a dinner of the Society of Arts and Sciences in the Hotel Astor that he was "a strong pro-Turk and growing stronger every day."

Rear Admiral Chester recently returned from the Dardanelles. Others who dined were Gen. George L. Hays, French Consul-General; Adamantios Zia Bey, son of the Turkish Ambassador to Great Britain; and Gen. W. W. French, Consul-General in Constantinople.

More Than 300 Caught in I. W. W. Raid in Oregon

PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 18.—More than 300 alleged members of the I. W. W. have been arrested here to-day, as a result of the issuance of orders to the police to round up all men having membership cards of that order in their possession.

Among those arrested was William Ford, who has been directing the longshoremen's strike here.

## RUSSIA BEHIND TURK IN EVERY DEMAND

President of Caucasus Republic Urges Kemalists to Make Further Claims.

NOT EUROPEAN QUESTION

Control of Straits Is Matter for Turkey and Nations on Black Sea.

ANGORA, Oct. 18 (Associated Press).—President Dvanti of the Federated Caucasian Republic, who arrived here to-day as special envoy of the Soviet Government, said: "Russia stands behind Turkey in every demand she makes upon Europe that her rights be recognized. They must not be content with the return of Thrace and Constantinople."

"The Soviet Government is following with keen anxiety all the portmanteau regarding the straits. This is a question not for Europe to decide, but for Turkey and the nations bordering on the Black Sea. Turkey must have sovereignty over the straits, without any foreign control. This is Russia's sincere desire."

Dvanti is considered the most influential Soviet statesman in southern Russia. His coming is regarded as an important step by Moscow to establish closer relations with the Turkish Nationalist Government.

Bar Kemalists From Stamboul.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Oct. 18 (Associated Press).—The allied missions reached a unanimous decision to-day forbidding the Kemalists gendarmes destined for Thrace to enter Constantinople. The British navy has been ordered to stop all vessels bearing Turkish Nationalist police from Mudania to take up his new duties as Military Governor of Thrace.

Portraits of the Sultan have been removed from many of the government buildings. In their place one sees lithographs of Mustafa Kemal Pasha, the Turkish Nationalist leader. A life size oil painting of Kemal appeared to-day in the main entrance of the Turkish War Office.

The only governmental building where his likeness could not be found was the Sublime Porte, which contains the Ministerial offices. Outside of the Crown Prince's residence a massive arch, mounted by Kemal's picture, has been erected.

The boundary commission for the Imdid Peninsula, East of Constantinople, has completed its work satisfactorily. It was officially announced this afternoon, and a formal agreement covering the new neutral zone has been signed.

## HE man who prefers Melachrinos fears no criticism of his cigarette judgment. It is an evidence of his appreciation of fine and delicate tobacco.



MELACHRINOS are their world-wide preference to an unusual selection of the choicest Turkish leaves, a distinction shared by no other cigarette.

## MELACHRINO

"The One Cigarette Sold the World Over"

Paris inspired creations as well as original conceptions of the Winter's Mode in Furs.

Pelts of rare quality have been skillfully draped and modeled into fur fashions which are unrivaled.

The following prices indicate the unusual values prevalent for the balance of the week.

Coats and Wraps

Natural Mink Cape.....\$1095

Black Russian Caracul Coat..... 800

Choice Beige Caracul Coat..... 695

Black Caracul Coat..... 450

(Black lynx collar and cuffs).

Choice Scotch Mole Coat..... 450

(46 inch length).

New Short Day Coats of taupe nutria, beige, bark and black caracul, \$250 to \$495

Scarfs

Natural Silver Fox Scarfs.....\$225

Natural Blue Fox Scarfs..... 175

Platinum Fox Scarfs..... 115

Dyed Hudson Bay Sable Scarfs..... 125

(Double skin effects).

Blended Hudson Bay Sable Scarfs... 95

(Single skin effects).

VISIT THE EXHIBITION OF THE FEDERATION OF JEWISH PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETIES AT HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA TODAY.

&lt;